

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

The
Connecting Link
between Health and Happiness is
Brown's Iron Bitters,
The Famous Tonic.

It strengthens the system, purifies the blood,
creates appetite, gives tension to the
muscles, and tones the nerves.

Cures Malaria, Neuralgia
and Dyspepsia.

THE BEST TONIC

LUNCH IN THE FIELDS.

Blue sky and sunshine and noontide,
And rest from the reaping,
And all in the wheat ears the south wind
Its fragrance sweeping.

White is the bread that the master
Shall have for the tending;
Course is the loaf that their hunger
Finds sweet in the breaking.

Golden the vase and the flagon
His red wine is spilling;
Rude is the cup for their drinking,
The flask for their filling.

His is the cool and the shadow,
The gold and the guerdon;
There is the drowsy of labor,
The heat and the burden.

Yet while the great sky gives blessing,
The wide summer weather,
No odds of fate are they asking—
They are together!

—Harriet P. Spofford in Harper's Bazar.

HIS FIRST'S ASHES.

When the wife of Durande, captain in the One Hundred and Twelfth cuirassiers of the line, died, he was sorely stricken with sorrow, and would not be comforted. In fact, he had hardly had time to enjoy his happiness or appreciate his treasure, for they had been married only a month, when she was taken from him in the midst of their wedding tour in Italy.

Just about returning to Paris, she fell ill in Rome and died of fever, in spite of the many physicians called to attend her and the devoted care of her husband, who never left her side till she breathed her last.

Conscious to the end, she bravely sought to console him.

"It was not given to mortals," she said, "to be happy for long. Our joy has been too great; it could not last. Do not weep, dearest," she cried; "let me pass away in peace, without the memory of your distressed face. Smile; do not look so sad!" and she raised her trembling hand and caressingly laid it on his cheek.

"You are a soldier," pursued she; "death should have no terrors for you. I have loved you only; do me, then, one last little favor. I wish to be near you always, even in death. I beseech you, cremate me, then; reduce me to a little heap of ashes that you can carry always with you. I shall never disturb you. How strange it seems to call a heap of ashes 'I'—yet so it will be. You will sometimes glance at me thus, and can never entirely forget me!"

Nevertheless when Durande returned to Paris he was a changed man. He was thin and haggard; his eyes had lost their luster, his step its elastic spring and confidence.

"Courage, courage, my boy!" his colonel would say to him.

"Be brave, my friend!" repeated his brother officers.

But joy and brightness had gone out of Durande's life. The once brilliant soldier was a broken man.

No one on arrival was allowed to touch his luggage, and he himself, with care and weeping, drew from his satchel an artistic little vase that he solemnly charged his brother never on any account to lay hands upon.

"A token of poor madame?" the man ventured to ask.

"Yes, a token," Durande responded; before which, the slim Roman urn that held all that was left of his poor wife's remains, he knelt and wept bitterly when alone again. At night it stood in full view upon a cabinet beside his bed, that his eyes might rest upon it when not closed in sleep and by day. When his leave had expired and he had returned to duty, he was distraught, a stranger to his comrades, joining in none of their pleasures or amusements, seeming to live only in the memory of his lost wife and that urn—which might be knocked over.

He had placed her portrait in every room in his house, and by a strange paradox of sentiment it was here, among all these tender recollections, that he passed his least miserable hours.

By degrees, through steady contemplation, perhaps, the sight of the Roman urn produced a less painful effect upon the disconsolate widower, and no longer caused him the cruel heart pangs of the first days of bereavement.

He was now able to picture his darling as she had been in the zenith of strength and beauty, gay, smiling, charming. Again and again he recalled and lived over the moments of that honeymoon journey, and grew happy himself in this sweet, posthumous revival of radiant hours.

When at work the urn stood on his writing table, and he thought how in life and in that bygone time he had written and pondered and she had sat quietly beside him reading or sewing tranquilly, silently, without disturbing him. Six months passed, lengthened to a year, and now and then it happened that Durande forgot the urn and left it on his table at night instead of carrying it to his bedroom. Finally he enshrined it for good on his office table. Not that the memory of his wife was less than at first, but because in time it was borne in upon him that a funeral deposit like this was unsanitary, unhealthy in a sleeping room.

Nevertheless every day it was surrounded, as usual, with lilies and roses, his wife's favorite flowers.

The one year lengthened to two, and Durande had returned to his bachelor life.

"This wrong to bury yourself alive thus," said his friends and his wife's relations; "begin, go into the world again."

Durande yielded, once more went out, frequented the quarters of his brother officers, joined in their jollifying, and actually one evening carried them all home with him to a banquet in his own apartments. The wine was good, the champagne sparkling, laughter, songs, uproar ended they all adjourned to the private office, where the mortuary shrine stood alone upon the table, severe and mournful.

Reverly ran riot, in the midst of which Durande suddenly recalled the "presence of the dead," as he was wont to call the urn, caught it up hurriedly,

darted from the room and deposited it in an upper chamber, piled with a bachelor's litter of old books, boots and firearms.

Next morning, determined that profanation like that of the previous night should not happen again, he resolved to turn this lumber room, where he had temporarily deposited the precious remains, into a mortuary chapel, and gave instant orders for a cathedral window and a niche and altar to be placed beneath it.

There the urn was again enshrined, but the lilies and roses had given place to immortelles. Some days later, perceiving that these had lost color from lack of air and light, Durande had them changed for garlands of Sevres and bisque of the costliest character, and thus the urn stood peacefully in this calm retreat.

Two years of widowhood lengthened to three, and Durande took unto himself a second wife. Why, he couldn't have told you. Certainly it was not a case of desperate love, though the new Mme. Durande was a charming woman.

No, he had but one excuse for refilling the empty niche in his life—Mme. Durande the second was exceedingly like Mme. Durande the first, with one exception—she was jealous. A jealousy that caused her to look with suspicion on every one, word or gesture, and the knowledge that he still retained tender memories of the dead would have caused her temperamental anger.

Durande no longer dared to keep the urn in a conspicuous place. It was quietly and secretly a third time removed from its quarters and reverently stored in a spare room in the mansarde. Matters grew better as time wore on. Peace and happiness reigned with the young couple, and more than once Durande, in this atmosphere of renewed content, was on the verge of unbecomingly himself and confiding to his wife the mystery of the urn. Alas! his courage always failed him.

In due time a son was born to the house of Durande, and Mme. Durande found it necessary to clear out and use the room where the urn lay forgotten. As for Durande himself, the joy of a new made father dissipated all remorse in his heart, and to celebrate the christening with due pomp and splendor invitations were sent far and wide for a magnificent dinner.

"But, my dear," said his wife as he came in from the barracks the day of the great event, "don't go to your dressing room till you have seen the table, the flowers arranged with my own hands."

Arranged! A great heaping cluster of blood red roses—in an antique, strangely familiar Roman urn, which held the place of honor on the sumptuous board! Durande bent closer. His wife saw him start.

"Yes," said she complacently, "'tis yours, you dear old stupid, to throw away as you have done the handsomest thing collected in your trip to Italy! It was up in the garret filled with dust. Heaven knows how long it has been there!"

"Wi-with dust!" stammered Durande, white as death, "and—and what did you do with it, the—the dust?"

"Threw it on the rose pots, dearest—that is, what the wind didn't scatter. But the effect— isn't it lovely?"

"Very, very lovely!" murmured the soldier, with a strangled sigh. And in the fresh, fragrant flowers, whose petals parted softly, like the lips of a young girl to the first kiss of love, Durande believed that he saw the tender smiles and blushes of his dear, dead wife.—Short Stories.

Trout Pumped Up.
C. D. Brooke, who lives a half a mile or so east of Oak park, has a fine trout stream running through his land. A couple of days ago his pump threw out a trout several inches long, and Mr. Brooke thinks he could have lots of fun bobbing for trout if he had an open well reaching down to the trout stream that flows beneath that locality.

There can be no doubt that a subterranean river of considerable volume runs through that gravel section, for a few years ago W. L. Willis, who lived in the same neighborhood that Mr. Brooke does, pumped up a number of mountain trout. This stream seems to run down toward the Cosmopolis, as trout of good size have been taken from pumps at Sheldon, many miles south of here.

This stream probably comes from Lake Tahoe, that being the nearest mountain lake of sufficient capacity to keep up the supply that is known to exist beneath the surface in this vicinity. Scientists have long been of the belief that there is a subterranean outlet to Lake Tahoe, and as none other has been discovered it is reasonable to suppose that this may be it. That it is not a mere pond, without source or exit, is evident from the fact that the trout that have been pumped up were without the peculiarities that distinguish fishes taken from underground reservoirs or the waters of deep caverns, and evidently had not long been on the journey to this point.—Sacramento Record-Union.

Running Expenses.
Gentleman—About what are your running expenses?
Newsboy—"Bout a dollar a month."

"Is that all?"

"Yesir. You see, I buy 'em second hand."

"Buy what?"

"Shoes, in course."—Good News.

Eighteen Indignation.

Mike—"It's like owd time to see you again, Pat. Why did you ever write me a letter since last we met?"

Pat—"O! didn't know your address, Mike."

Mike—"Thin why, in the name o' stneas, did ye not write for it?"—Harper's Bazar.

An Interesting Family.

The "Coincident Clocks" live at Orzondelet. Daniel, the head of the family, his wife and each of their three children were born on the same day of the month. The wedding anniversary of the old folks falls on the same interesting date.—St. Louis Republic.

CIDER! CIDER!! CIDER!!!

CLARET CIDER,

CRAB APPLE CIDER,

PIPPIN APPLE CIDER,

—AT—

R. J. Eckloff's,

No. 21 Jefferson Street.

Finest assortment of Canned Goods in the city.
Shafer's Hams, finest in the city. Call and see me.

4511

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Arrangements Being Made For Its Opening.

The new orphan asylum being erected on the property adjoining the Catholic Church will not be completed as early as was expected. Delay of material from outside points and other hindrances combine to deter the work. When completed the building will cost \$18,000 which will be paid from the Diocese of Richmond.

The asylum will be open to all orphans within the diocese irrespective of creed. Accommodations will be provided for 100 orphans, under the supervision of seven sisters from the sisters of Nazareth of Kentucky, one of whom will officiate as matron. The asylum will be opened by the Rev. A. Van De Vyver, Bishop of Richmond.

The Bishop is visiting Roanoke to perfect arrangements in the building and is the guest of Rev. Father Lynch.

Is Marriage a Failure?
HAVE you been trying to get the best out of existence without health in your family? Have you been wearing out your life from the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion? Are you sleepless at night? Do you wake in the morning feeling languid, with coated tongue and sallow, haggard looks? Don't do it. A shout in the camp tells how Aunt Fanny's Health Restorer has cured others; it will cure you. Trial package free. Large size 50c., at Christian & Barbee.

A Pleasant Occasion.
Samuel Linton, foreman of the machine works department at the Norwich Lock Works, was called from his office yesterday morning and presented with a gold watch, chain and charm; also a gold headed cane. Owen McVeigh, on behalf of the employees of the room, made the presentation speech, which was a touching tribute to the respect in which Mr. Linton was held by all. He briefly responded, and in an earnest and graceful manner thanked his men for their kind remembrance at the severing of the pleasant relations between them. Mr. Linton has resigned his position of foreman to accept a more lucrative one at Waterbury, Conn.

No Health With Impure Blood.
Dr. David's Iodo-ferated Sarsaparilla cures syphilis, scrofula, cancer, goitre, and all blood and skin diseases. If you suffer with any of the above symptoms and will cure without endangering any other healthy portion of your system, take Dr. David's Iodo-ferated Sarsaparilla, the greatest blood purifier, not only of the nineteenth century, but of all centuries. Don't put off taking it, but get it at once. Price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, at Massie & Martin's, Roanoke, Va.

Oh! I am so Tired.
All the time, I am listless and not interested in anything. My food does not digest, and I have such an oppression and fullness after eating. Everything I eat seems to ferment and turn sour at once, so that my food not only does not do me any good, but really makes me sick.

This is really a bad case of dyspepsia, and we advise the use of Dr. David's Cherry and Iron Tonic Bitters, to give tone to the stomach and cause the blood to assimilate. Price, \$1.00 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.00, at Massie & Martin's, Roanoke, Va.

HOTELS.
HOTEL ROANOKE,
ROANOKE, VA.

B. L. WINNER, Manager.

Leading hotel of Southwest Virginia.

Convenient to depots and business section.

The model house of the Norfolk and Western system.

SUMMER RESORTS.

COYNER'S
White, Black and Blue Sulphur and Chalybeate Springs.

Under New Management. Thoroughly renovated, furnished and repaired. Bathrooms. Billiards. Finest Liquors. Excellent Table. No expense spared. Open June 15.

ALEXANDER & CO. 67 ft

EDUCATIONAL.

MRS. M. C. MASSIE'S SCHOOL

will open Monday, September 12, at her residence, 124 Charles avenue southwest. 9 16 1m

Mrs. Gilmer's School

FOR Young Ladies

Seventh annual session opens Wednesday, September 14, 1892. Full corps of teachers. Special primary department for boys, with separate room, and hours for recreation separate from girls. Frequent rehearsals by music pupils. Written monthly reviews in all classes. Gold and silver medals. Full course for graduation. For catalogue, with terms, apply to MRS. PATTY L. GILMER, 120 Church Avenue, Roanoke, Va. 7 27 wkaa 3 mo

ROANOKE DRESSED BEEF CO



STALL NO. 8. CITY MARKET.

N. RENSCH, Proprietor.

We buy and butcher Southwest Virginia stock.
Our's is a home enterprise, and our meats are butchered in Roanoke; not in Kansas City, St. Louis and other Western cities.
Give us a trial. 18 1y

ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY SCHEDULE.

SALEM DUMMY LINE.

EAST.
Lv. Salem, Ar. Roanoke, Lv. Roanoke, Ar. Salem
6:15 a.m. 6:45 a.m. 7:15 a.m. 7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 8:45 a.m. 9:15 a.m.
9:30 a.m. 10:00 a.m. 10:15 a.m. 10:45 a.m.
11:00 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 11:45 p.m. 12:15 p.m.
12:30 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. 1:45 p.m.
2:00 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:15 p.m.
3:30 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 4:45 p.m.
5:15 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:15 p.m. 6:45 p.m.
7:15 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:15 p.m. 8:45 p.m.

WEST.
Lv. Salem, Ar. Roanoke, Lv. Roanoke, Ar. Salem
6:15 a.m. 6:45 a.m. 7:15 a.m. 7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 8:45 a.m. 9:15 a.m.
9:30 a.m. 10:00 a.m. 10:15 a.m. 10:45 a.m.
11:00 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 11:45 p.m. 12:15 p.m.
12:30 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. 1:45 p.m.
2:00 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:15 p.m.
3:30 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 4:45 p.m.
5:15 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:15 p.m. 6:45 p.m.
7:15 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:15 p.m. 8:45 p.m.

N. B.—Theater nights last train leaves Roanoke at 10:45; arrives Salem 11:15 p.m. Sundays, the first run is omitted.

Trains leaving Roanoke at 8:45 a.m. and 4:15 p.m. on Salem dummy line will have baggage car attached for carrying drummers' trunks, general baggage and merchandise, beginning May 25.

VINTON ELECTRIC LINE.
Leave Roanoke.

6:00 a.m. 10:40 a.m. 3:20 p.m. 7:20 p.m.
6:40 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 4:00 p.m. 8:00 p.m.
7:20 a.m. 12:00 p.m. 4:40 p.m. 8:40 p.m.
8:00 a.m. 12:40 p.m. 5:20 p.m. 9:20 p.m.
8:40 a.m. 1:20 p.m. 6:00 p.m. 10:00 p.m.
9:20 a.m. 2:00 p.m. 6:40 p.m. 10:40 p.m.
10:00 a.m. 2:40 p.m.

JEFFERSON STREET ELECTRIC LINE.
Leave Union Depot.

5:54 a.m. 12:18 p.m. 3:42 p.m. 6:54 p.m.
6:18 a.m. 12:42 p.m. 3:54 p.m. 7:06 p.m.
6:42 a.m. 12:54 p.m. 4:06 p.m. 7:18 p.m.
7:06 a.m. 1:06 p.m. 4:18 p.m. 7:30 p.m.
7:30 a.m. 1:18 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 7:42 p.m.
7:54 a.m. 1:30 p.m. 4:42 p.m. 7:54 p.m.
8:18 a.m. 1:42 p.m. 4:54 p.m. 8:06 p.m.
8:42 a.m. 1:54 p.m. 5:06 p.m. 8:18 p.m.
9:06 a.m. 2:06 p.m. 5:18 p.m. 8:30 p.m.
9:30 a.m. 2:18 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 8:42 p.m.
9:54 a.m. 2:30 p.m. 5:42 p.m. 8:54 p.m.
10:18 a.m. 2:42 p.m. 5:54 p.m. 9:06 p.m.
10:42 a.m. 2:54 p.m. 6:06 p.m. 9:18 p.m.
11:06 a.m. 3:06 p.m. 6:18 p.m. 10:18 p.m.
11:30 a.m. 3:18 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 10:42 p.m.
11:54 a.m. 3:30 p.m. 6:42 p.m. 11:06 p.m.

WEST END ELECTRIC LINE.
Leave Jefferson street.

6:05 a.m. 10:15 a.m. 3:05 p.m. 7:05 p.m.
6:35 a.m. 11:05 a.m. 3:35 p.m. 7:35 p.m.
7:05 a.m. 11:35 a.m. 4:05 p.m. 8:05 p.m.
7:35 a.m. 12:05 p.m. 4:35 p.m. 8:35 p.m.
8:05 a.m. 12:35 p.m. 5:05 p.m. 9:05 p.m.
8:35 a.m. 1:05 p.m. 5:35 p.m. 9:35 p.m.
9:05 a.m. 1:35 p.m. 6:05 p.m. 10:05 p.m.
9:35 a.m. 2:05 p.m. 6:35 p.m. 10:35 p.m.
10:05 a.m. 2:35 p.m.

W. F. CARE, General Manager.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.
A FIRST-CLASS INVESTMENT.

We offer the best security in the city and pay semi-annual dividends.

AS A SAVINGS BANK
this institution offers special inducements. Paid up shares \$50 each. Installment shares \$1 per month. Shares may be subscribed for at any time. For further information address

THE PEOPLE'S PERPETUAL LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

WM. F. WINCH,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Masonic Temple. Jan-11

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Fancy Cake Baker, Home-made Candies, Ice Cream Furnisher, 50 Salem ave. 3 2 1y

J. J. Catogni.

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J. J. Catogni.

TOM DIXON TO-NIGHT.

The Fiery New York Preacher
Will be Here.

His Talk on "Backbone" at the Opera House Will Draw an Immense Crowd. Some Facts About the Wonderful Preacher.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., the brilliant young preacher whose sermons and lectures have attracted so much attention, will be greeted by a full house when he walks upon the platform in the Opera House Wednesday night to address for the first time a Roanoke audience.

Mr. Dixon, as previously announced, will talk about "Backbone." Of course he will handle the subject in a masterly manner.

"Backbone" is the speaker's most happy subject, and after hearing it one



REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR.

always remembers it. Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago, writing in the Chicago Standard a few weeks ago, said that "after hearing Dixon I always feel like I have been on a spree and wanted to go on another, for I see angels and snakes all at the same time—legions of 'em."

The lecture consumes something more than an hour and a half, and is delivered without notes. It is very different from the regulation address, and is a combination of interesting facts and most apt and amusing illustrations. In person the lecturer is tall, lean, and wiry, with a keen eye and pleasant features. He speaks with great force and eloquence.

The career of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., reads like a fairy tale. He was born and reared amid the mountains of North Carolina, in a rather isolated section of the country.

At a very tender age he displayed wonderful oratorical gifts, and was sent to Wake Forest College, where he graduated when nearly eighteen years old.

Returning home he took up the study of law and before he became of age he was elected to represent his county in the legislature of the Tar Heel State. On his twenty-first birthday he was sworn in as a member of that body and made a great reputation as a lawmaker.

Then he took to the stage and promised to rival Booth, but after a brief experience before the footlights he entered the ministry and from that day—some eight years ago—the course of Thomas Dixon, Jr., has been upward and onward.

He served as pastor in Raleigh, N. C.; Baltimore, Boston, and for the past four years he has been stirring Gotham with his fearless preaching, his rare oratory and his wonderful eloquence. He is pastor of Twenty-third Street Baptist Church, but his congregation found it necessary several months ago to lease Association Hall, which has a seating capacity for 3,000. All church services are held there, and the New York World says that the people crowd far into the streets in their efforts to hear him.

The sale of seats for the lecture continues to day at Johnson's drug store. The lecture will begin promptly at 8:15.

Sickness Among Children.

Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Taken to Clifton Forge.

Paul Gleason, an officer from Clifton Forge, arrived in the city yesterday morning to take charge of Tom Smith, alias, Black Henry, who is wanted in that city for assisting in the robbery of a store belonging to a German, named Copeland. The robbery was committed last Friday a week. The thieves took twenty-one suits of clothing, twenty ladies' cloaks and eleven watches, nine of them being gold, one silver and one silverline. The officer was not positive that Smith was the man, but, as he had been identified by Copeland, he swore out a warrant and took the negro to Clifton Forge on the noon train.

The proprietors of Coyner's Springs having secured Professor Bellezza's orchestra, have decided to give a